**~CATHALOGS~**

~Your fur bristles in the moonlight as you stand triumphantly over your kill.~

~You turn your head to see a ravaging hyena on the loose stuffed with deathly rabies.~

~You change your posture to an unsettling crouch.~

~You growl and your teeth start to sharpen as the hyena’s organs lurch.~

~You see the hyena laughing, as it bleeds out its intestine.~

~You stand in shock of the goriness as the hyena shrieks so loud it could make you deaf,~

~You just look at the dead hyena and its heart twisting its way out the hyena’s throat.~

~You don’t say anything, or move in the slightest bit, you just stand there and stare, you don’t really know why it happened, or how.~

~You start to hear a rumble so you turn around in alarm.~

~You shriek as you see a gory, bloody, horrorful devil tread out of the sky.~

~You have nothing to use, nobody to protect you, for you must fight on your own.~

~You call but none of your pack members answer.~

~Where are they, you start to feel worried.~

~You start to run, full speed at that devil, that hideous gory devil.~

~You bare out your teeth and you dig them into his leg as tight as a cobra squeezing it’s pray.~

~The devil looks down at you, with its shredded teeth and it’s throat literally hanging out of his mouth.~

~He yells, and falls to ground to his death.~

~Was he from hell, or someplace worse?~

~You start to think, all this death is strange so you think you will look around a bit.~

~Your pack members must be near, you think as you gain closer.~

~You finally come to a rock that looks over your territory and you just stand, speechless.~

~Everyone lies dead with their fur shredded, and organs oozing.~

~Some wolves are rabies full, and they are biting away at each other’s flesh.~

~You think about your mate and run through that hell.~

~You see your pup, curled, as he is surrounded by blood drinking, rabid wolves.~

~You run to him as you stand in front of him to protect his life.~

~You see your mate, with blood dripping like a faucet.~

~You see him with his intestine spiraling around his tail,~

~He looks at you, in a way he never had before,~

~Then a wolf comes in, and bites him so hard, he falls to his death.~

~A drop of blood shoots onto your pup’s face as he just sits there, sobbing, having the most horrid, scared face.~

~You say to your son that your pack is gone, and that there never really was a real pack, they were normal wolves, but their souls belonged to Satan.~

~You take him and run and turn your head to take a last look at the pack that you grew up with.~

~You start to cry, and your pup just sits, and observes his family, dead, all his friends were gone, and all his pack… was gone.~

~He looks back at you, in a reassuringly way, saying, I don’t want to leave my pack, but what is right for you, is what is right for me.~

~No one really knows how the Red Fang pack got a rabies disease, but all Sheila and Wolfen knew was that it wasn’t over yet.~